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EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

A young man went into a department store and purchased a pair of gloves for his fiance. At the next counter, a young lady procured some underwear for herself. In some manner, the packages became mixed and not examining his parcel, the young man sent it to his sweetie with the following note :

“My dear Mae :--

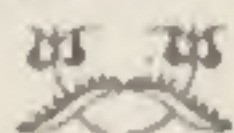
In the accompanying package, you will find a slight remembrance, which I hope you will accept in the place of the ones I ripped. It would give me great pleasure to be with you when you receive them, as there are a number of things the saleslady suggested in putting them on. How I wish no other hands but mine would touch them ; yet I know a hundred fellows will gaze upon them, when I am not at your side.

(Continued on Page 8)

FRANK MERRIWELL

VS. FRED FEARNOT

Written Especially for This Magazine
By RALPH P. SMITH
President H. H. B. and Author of Numerous
Special Magazine Articles.



P A R T F O U R (conclusion)

The boys crowded around Merry for a few moments, while the Fearnots took their position in the field.

"Did you see Felicia?" queried Dick, a quickening in his voice, at the thought of his boyhood playmate so near at hand.

"It was not Felicia," replied Frank. "As I was running down to the station to meet the train, a car came along and I was offered a lift. There are two depots here you know, and Dick went to the other. I didn't have a great deal of time and was glad to ride. The chauffeur let me get in the rear compartment, where there was a man of medium age. We chatted awhile and suddenly he leaned over and asked: "Do you remember the Magic spectacles?"

"That's what the note said," cried Hodge excitedly.

"Yes, it referred to a man who was out to "get" me. Had almost dedicated his life to the task. I refer to Porfias Del Norte, or Santenel, as he was likewise known. These spectacles played an important

part in a little drama one day in the mountain region. He tried to hurl me off a moving train, but my magic spectacles enabled me to see what transpired behind my back and I fooled the villain easily. I swear, although the man has been dead for twenty years, I almost thought he was re-incarnated in the stranger at my side. As the car left the road to the station and entered an old wood road, he shot that question at me. I was stunned for a moment, but my wits were working and I asked him what the joke was. He said he was Del Norte, and although I thought him dead, he could not die; not even cave-ins, burning buildings nor explosions had any effect on him. He was going to live until he killed me, and then die of old age. He actually seemed insane. I tried to calm him, so asked him what he knew of Felicia.

“A soft light came into his eyes and he said: ‘I know all about Felicia, her health, her happiness. I know you love her. I know the whole story from her own lips, but that will not save you. I tricked you through her tales of your brother. It was a shock when first she mentioned your name to me, but I was foxy enough to hide my hatred of you from her. I listened and plotted and knew the time would come when I could use her name to decoy you. A Del Norte does not strike without warning; and I sent you a note, knowing you would understand, but others would not.’

"Well, boys, we soon had a battle royal, in which the driver of the car joined. That man seemed as strong as two ordinary men. It was by the sheerest luck that I held my own until Bowery Billy arrived on the scene and took a hand. I won't tell the whole story now. Suffice it to say Del Norte relented, and said it was bred in the bone to hate me."

"Was it really Porfias Del Norte," asked Hodge.

"Certainly not. I saw him blown to pieces with my own eyes. But I recalled how, a dozen times I thought I had seen him die, only to find that in one miraculous manner or another he had again escaped death. No, it was his son, Felipe Del Norte, in whom the name of Merriwell awoke the sparks of revenge the father had dedicated himself to.

"Where is he now?" asked Dick. "And Felicia?"

"Bowery Billy is escorting him to the train. He is returning to Mexico. He will not bother us again. He has weighed his hatred of me against the love of his wife, and the latter won out. 'Felicia Del Norte will be glad to have us both visit them,' he said."

The last of the ninth.

The great gathering had watched a pitchers' battle between Fred Fearnot and Frank Merriwell. The score still stood 1-0 in favor of the Fearnots. Both pitchers held the batters down and scarce five men had reached first base.

Inza Merriwell was sitting beside Evelyn, Fearnot's bride-to-be. "Oh, Evelyn," she exclaimed as she squeezed her hand, "This is the happiest day of yours

and Fred's lives. I wonder if Frank would think me unkind if I said 'I hope Fred wins?' With his last game a winning, nothing would mar the marriage ceremony tonight. As for Frank:---It would mean only another victory."

The Merriwell nine were making ready to fight for a run in this last inning, which would tie the game.

The Chickering set had it all doped out, and Ollie Lord was nodding and nodding, like a ventriloquist's dummy as Veazie said: "It'th a fwame-up. Merriwell'th team getth a wun and tieth. The game goeth on faw a dothen more innin'gth and ith finally called on account of darkneth."

Dick Merriwell was the first man up. He hit the first ball for a single bag, and Mulloy came up. Barney sacrificed him to second. Browning hit a single, on which Dick went to third.

Now the crowd began to roar for the Merriwells to "come through."

With a man on first and one on third, and only one out, Diamond came to the plate. He was retired on three pitched balls.

It seemed as though Fred had tightened up.

In the meantime Browning stole second.

A mighty roar came from the crowd, as Frank Merriwell advanced to the plate.

"Good Bye Fearnot," started to the tune of "Bye Bye Blackbird" in the bleachers and was taken up by Merriwell sympathizers, while those who favored Fred started to hiss. The din was terrific.

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eers of the West." Frank T Fries, Orrville, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Frank Merriwell, original 5c weekly
story, also history of author, 20c postpaid. Fries.

Pale, but determined, Fearnot faced Merriwell.

With an enigmatic smile Frank Merriwell awaited the first ball.

"Crack!" The ball sailed out---out---and, yes!---over the fence!

"Foul ball!" cried the umpire. "To the right of first base."

Again Fred wound up and delivered the ball.

"Crack!" In almost the same place, another foul.

Now was the deciding moment of the game.

Frank looked at Fred. Visibly nervous, Fred steeled himself for the next ball to put over to the famous Yale graduate.

On it came, like a bullet!

Frank struck---and missed by a foot!

"Batter out," shrieked the umpire. "Side retired. Game over."

Fred Fearnot's team had won by a score of 1-0.

A mighty throng poured into the diamond. It split in two sections. One crowd carried Fred; the other Frank, around and around the field. The band struck up "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot," and every one cheered, shouted and made gay and happy noises.

That night Bart Hodge grabbed Merriwell by the shoulders and his face was dark as he cried, "Frank! Frank! After two cracks at the ball, you missed the last one by a mile! Don't tell me you didn't do that on purpose! Don't tell me you didn't do that just because your sympathy was all with Fred! Own up!"

Frank laughed.

[THE END.]

Blow into them, and if they are too large, let them wrinkle down, as lots of girls wear them that way. The next time I call, I wish to see how they fit, and if you have any trouble buttoning them, wait until I come, and I'll do it for you. Be careful that some fellow with dirty hands doesn't soil them. You can clean them with energine and keep them on for ten days, as they are of good quality. The saleslady said she had a pair for three years and had them cleaned only once. It might not be a bad idea to put a few moth balls in them to keep the flies away, as they dirty them. Do not take them off on the street or in a car, as the skin chaps very easily in this weather.

Lovingly,

John."

Imagine his e m b a r r a s s m e n t, when he called !

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